

GOLD
KEY

YOGI BEAR

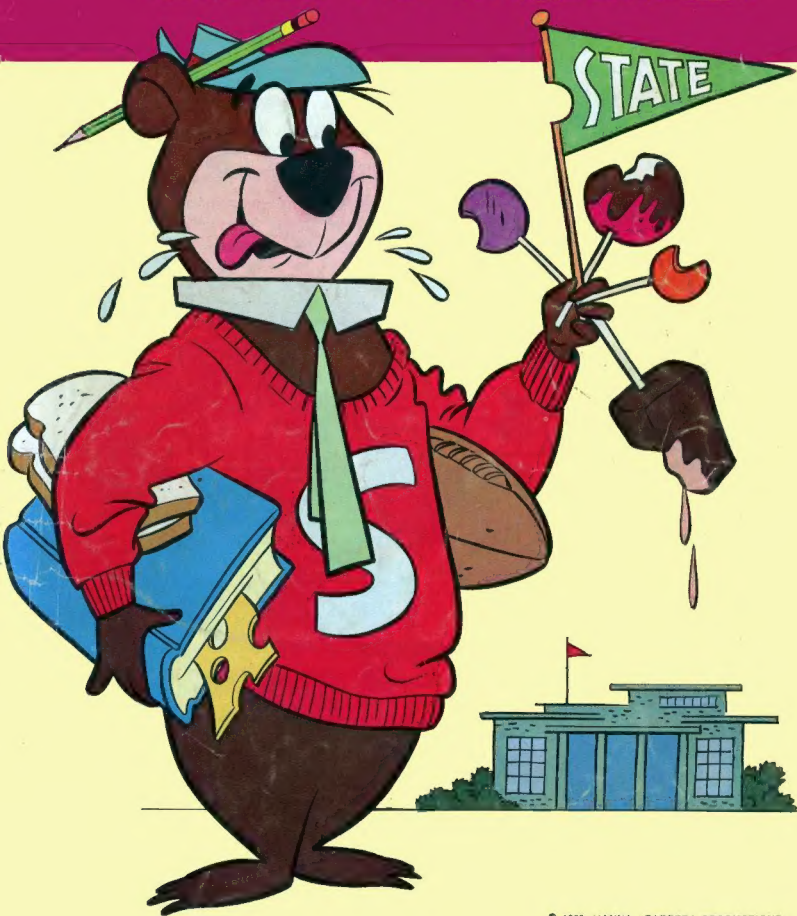
HANNA-BARBERA

12c

YOGI BEAR

10066-710
OCTOBER

GOES TO COLLEGE



YOGI BEAR

GOES TO COLLEGE

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

DOGGONE! THE BEARS ARE
MAKING THE CAMPERS BREAK
THE 'NO FEED' RULE, AND YOGI
IS THEIR RINGLEADER!



IF I COULD GET YOGI OUT OF THE
PARK I KNOW I COULD CONTROL
THE OTHER BEARS!



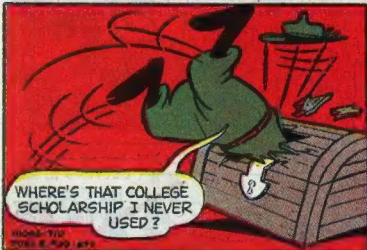
BUT HE WOULDN'T
LEAVE UNLESS HE WAS
GUARANTEED A
BETTER DEAL!



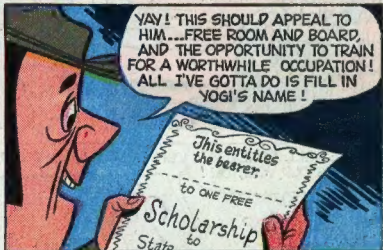
THIS SITUATION IS ENOUGH TO
MAKE A GUY GO BACK TO
COLLEGE AND START ALL...



WHERE'S THAT COLLEGE
SCHOLARSHIP I NEVER
USED?



YAY! THIS SHOULD APPEAL TO
HIM...FREE ROOM AND BOARD,
AND THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRAIN
FOR A WORTHWHILE OCCUPATION!
ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS FILL IN
YOGI'S NAME!

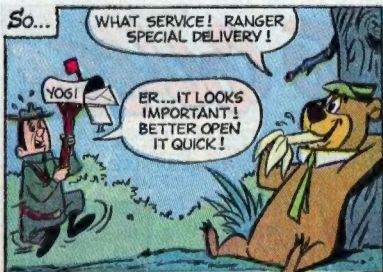


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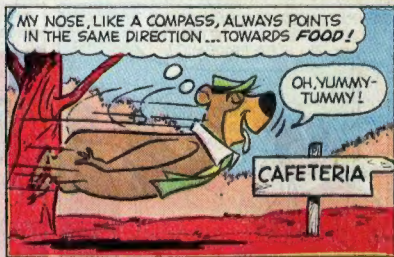
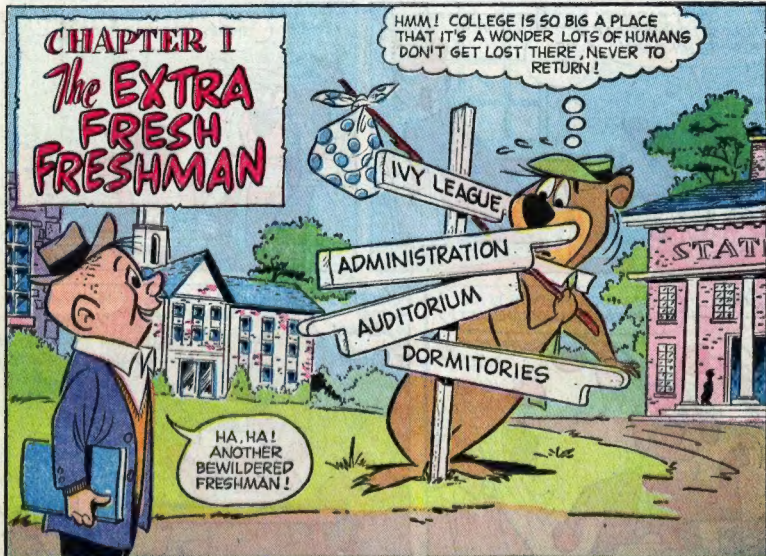
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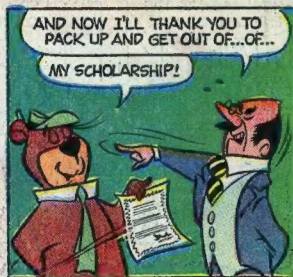


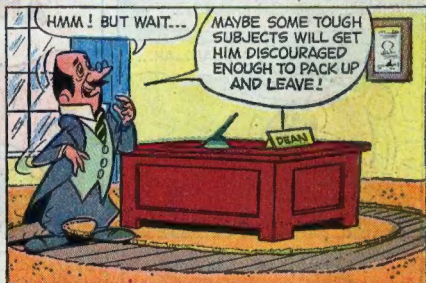
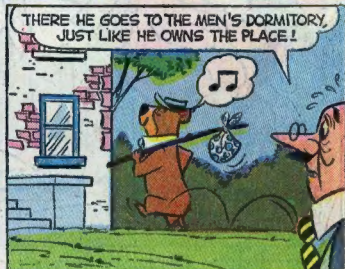
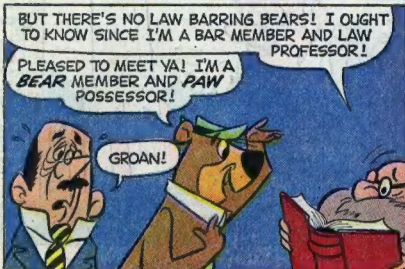


CHAPTER I

The EXTRA FRESH FRESHMAN

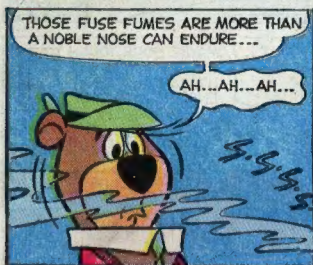


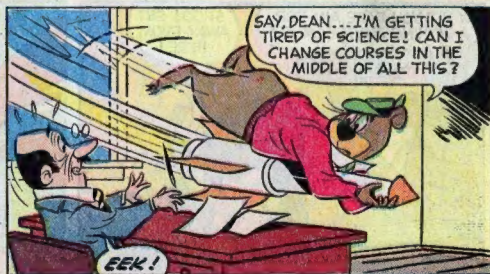
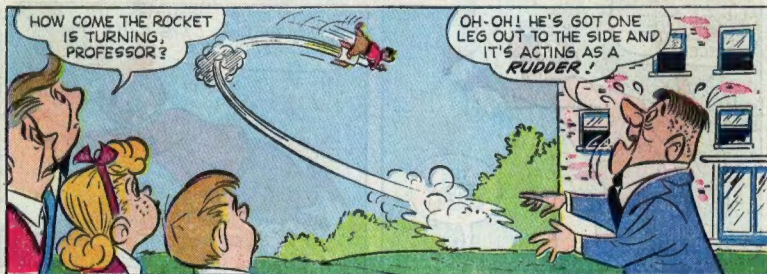
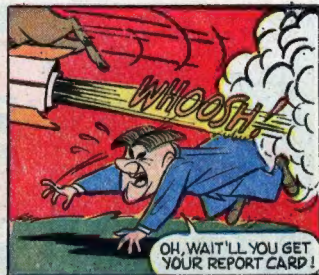


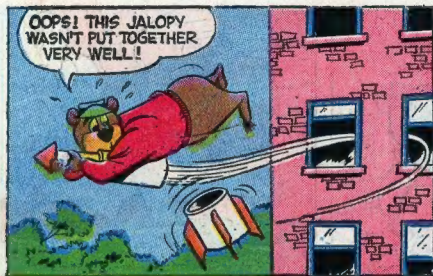


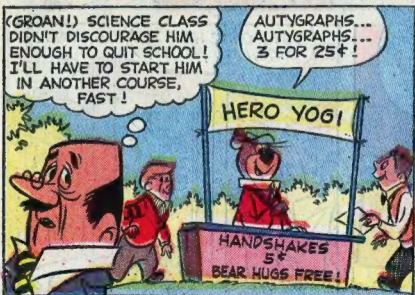
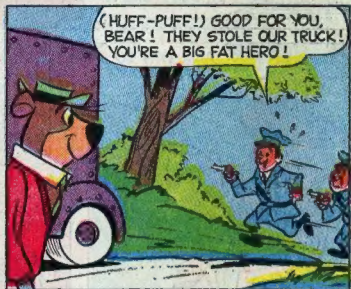
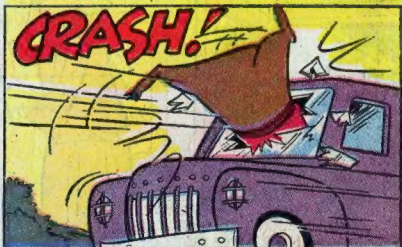
AND BACK AT JELLYSTONE NATIONAL PARK...



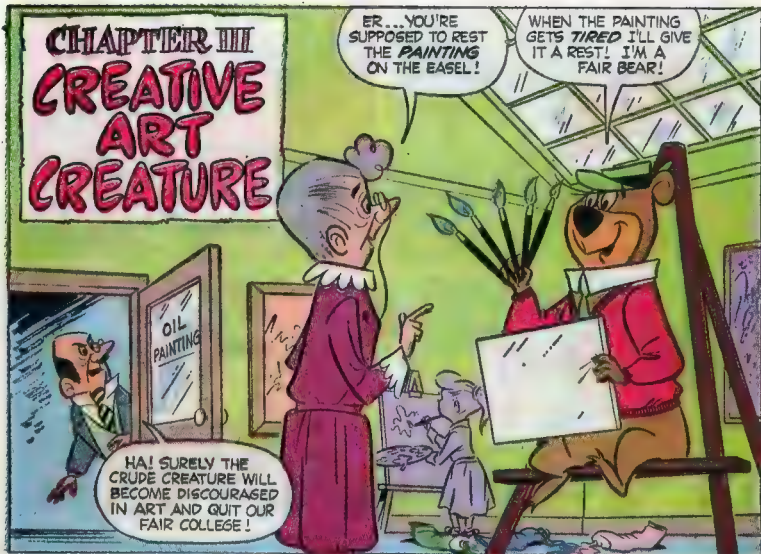








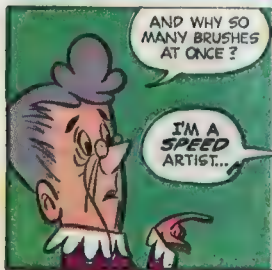
CHAPTER III CREATIVE ART CREATURE



ER...YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO REST THE **PAINTING** ON THE EASEL!

WHEN THE PAINTING GETS **TIRED** I'LL GIVE IT A REST! I'M A FAIR BEAR!

HA! SURELY THE CRUDE CREATURE WILL BECOME DISCOURAGED IN ART AND QUIT OUR FAIR COLLEGE!



AND WHY SO MANY BRUSHES AT ONCE?

I'M A **SPEED** ARTIST...



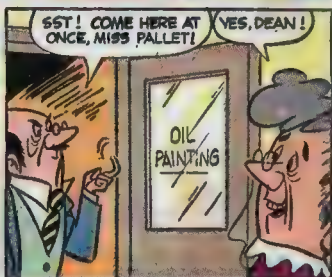
SEE HOW FAST I CAN PAINT WATER...OR WAVY HAIR...OR A TEAM OF WORMS...OR TIRE TRACKS...OR...

HOLD IT!



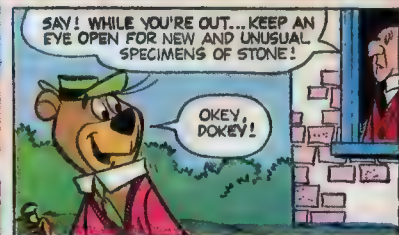
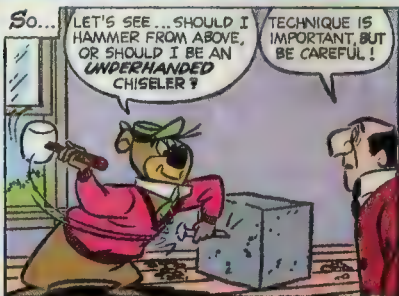
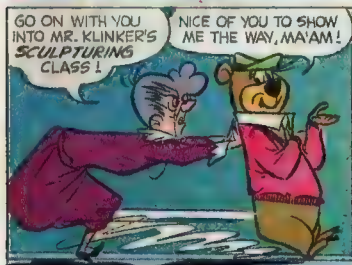
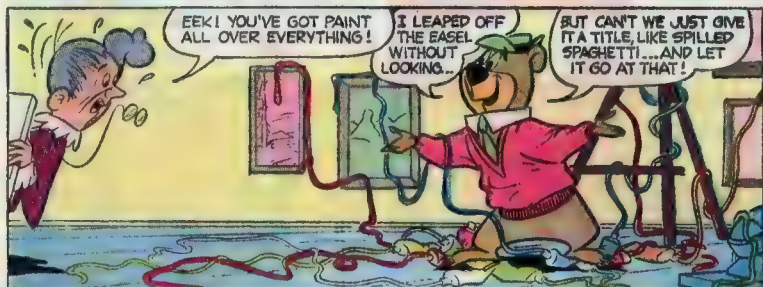
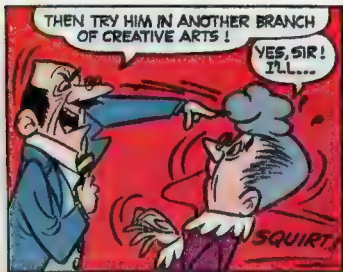
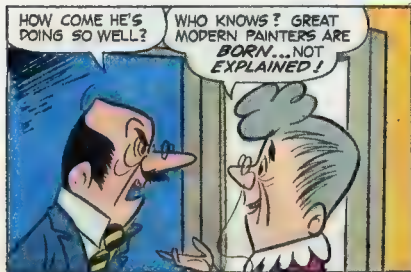
THE BOLD SIMPLICITY...THE NONCHALANT FEELING...IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF **MODERN ART**!

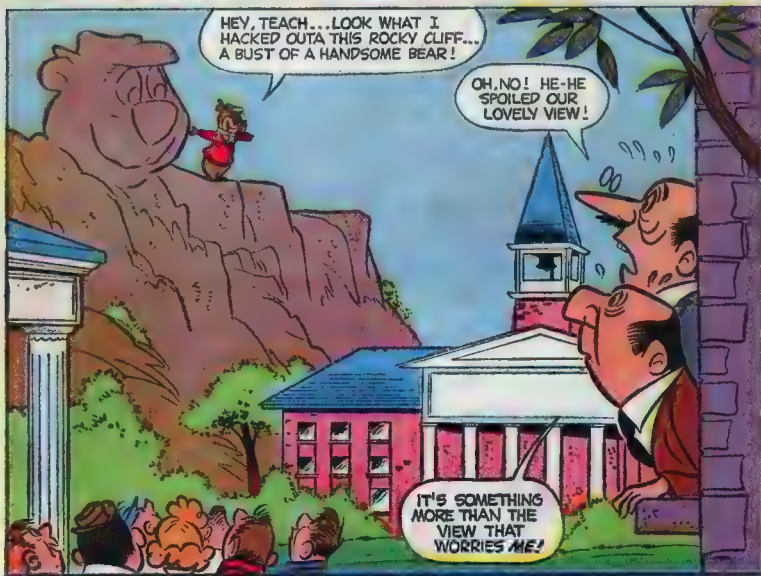
NO KIDDINGS? I'M STILL NOT SURE IF IT'S WATER, HAIR, WORMS OR TIRE MARKS!

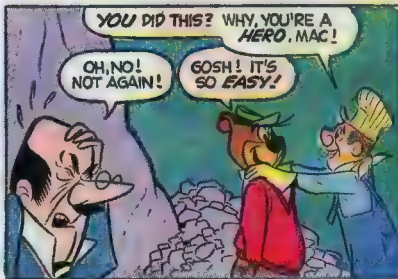
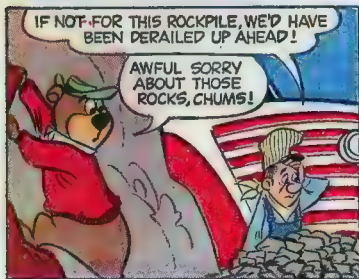
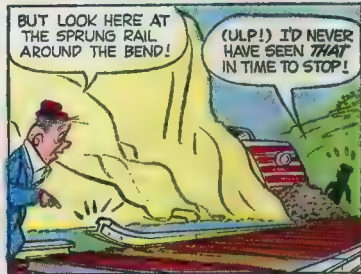
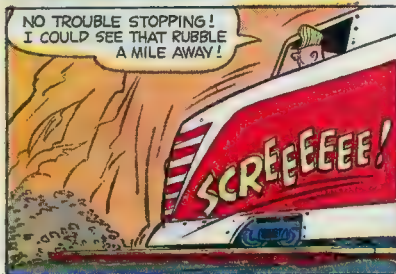
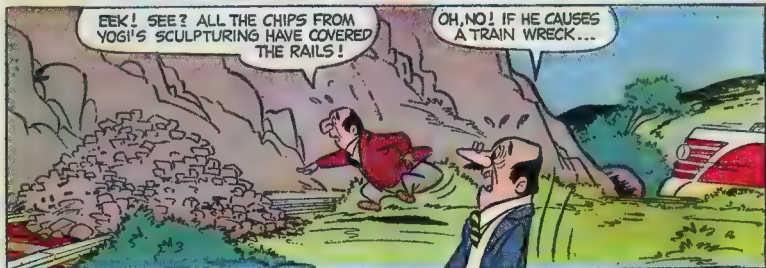
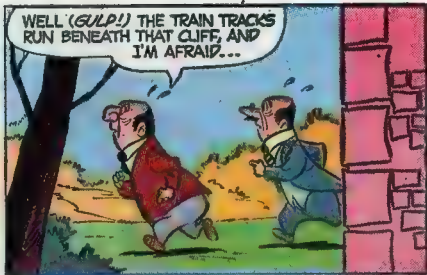


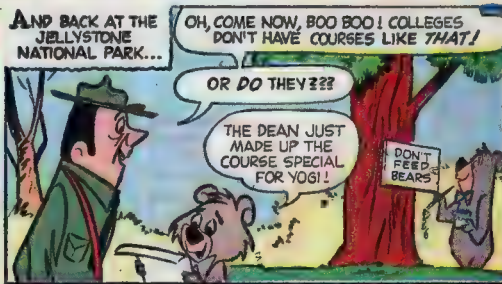
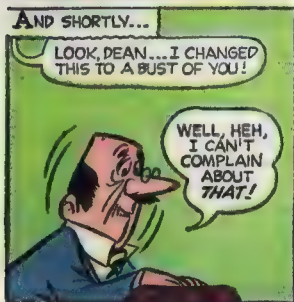
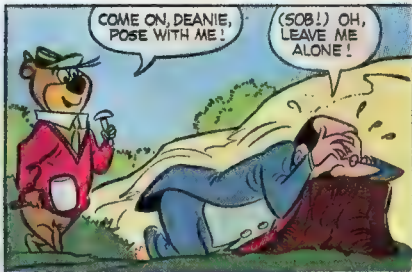
SSST! COME HERE AT ONCE, MISS PALLETT!

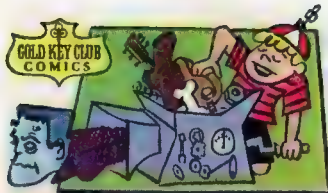
YES, DEAN!









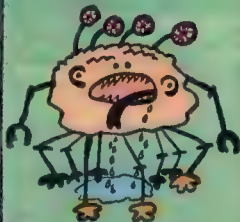


CAN YOU CREATE A MONSTER?

Help! Can you do it? Tell us what his powers are and send it to Monster Art, c/o Gold Key Comics Club at the address given below. We'll print as many of your drawings as we can.

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SLOBAPUSS



Never looks right, makes terrible noises when it eats.

Eric Offerman
Bronxville, N.Y.

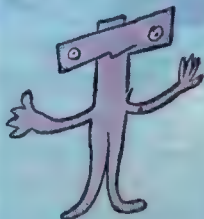
TALL MONSTER



99 feet tall, invisible. Poisonous finger pointers. Melting ray from eyes.

Steve Aigeldinger
Rosemont, Pa.

HAMMER HEAD



Hits its victims on the head.
C. A. Hulsewede III
Louisville, Ky.

SNATCH-A-SNACKER



Snatches any passing object with its tongue.

Bob Offerman
Bronxville, N.Y.

SPACE CAT



Favorite food is space mice.

Kevan Monn
Millersville, Pa.

EGOR X-RAY FIEND



Seeks out victims at midnight with X-ray eye.

Bart Wilkenson
Galt, Ontario

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GOLD KEY KID

THE JOKE'S ON YOU



Boy: Wonder what was the biggest moving job ever done?

Girl: I'll bet it was Wheeling, West Virginia!
Janet Jordan—Lompoc, Calif.

Jimmy: Remember, the letter U always comes after the letter Q.

Timmy: Not in my dictionary! R comes after Q.

Jeremy Vogel—Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mike: What is hair?

Vicke: Ear-to-ear carpeting!

Wickie Silvey—Paducah, Ky.

Jack: Would you rather be in a collision or an explosion?

Jill: A collision, of course! In a collision, there you are! But in an explosion, where are you?
Diodati Frank—Montreal, Que., Canada

Riddle: When is a man like a piece of wood?

Answer: When he becomes a ruler!

Curtis Lippe—Philadelphia, Pa.

Lorie: Did anyone laugh at you when you fell on the ice?

Larry: No, but the ice made some bad cracks!
Ann Hertelendy—Louisville, Ky.

Riddle: When is a door not a door?

Answer: When it is a-jar!

Cris and Lisa Miller—Walla Walla, Wash.

Nurse: Do you want me to boil the instruments, doctor?

Doctor: No, let's fry them today!

Donald Reinke—Cleveland, Ohio

Riddle: Why did the city boy put wings on a horse?

Answer: He wanted to see a horse fly!

David Weisel—Hartford, Conn.

Riddle: What belongs to you that your friends use more often than you do?

Answer: Your name.

Linda Sargent—Escondido, Calif.

Riddle: What did the man say, when his cat got run over by a steam roller?

Answer: Nothing, he just stood there with a long puss.

Linda Vokurka, Bayside, New York

Riddle: How can you tell there's an elephant under your bed?

Answer: The ceiling is very close.

Ray Walden, Chester, Connecticut

Riddle: What has 10 legs 10 heads and 5 feet?

Answer: I don't know I asked you.

Frank Fernandez, Roselle, New Jersey

Bob: One day a lady was fishing in her yacht and fell out. Why didn't the sharks eat her?

Rob: I don't know, Why?

Bob: They were man eating sharks.

Jeff Buchanan, Greenhills, Ohio

Riddle: When can you tell a ghost has a cold?

Answer: When he is in his coffin.

Leon Bessonette, Holyoke, Massachusetts

Riddle: If you took a red rock and threw it in the black sea, what would you have?

Answer: A Wet Rock.

Nancy Folkerts, Marietta, Georgia

Mack: I lost my pants when I was running.

Tom: Were they loose?

Mack: No, but your dog was.

Joy L. Poole, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Joe: Did you know I don't have all my toes on one foot?

Jack: No, How did it happen?

Joe: I have five on one foot and five on the other.

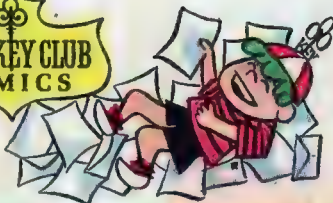
Linwood Erickson, Delmont, New Jersey

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WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

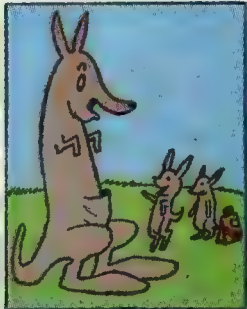
Try your humor I.Q. What line do you think best suits the picture below? Just for fun, try it on your friends, too. We hope our line is as funny as yours.

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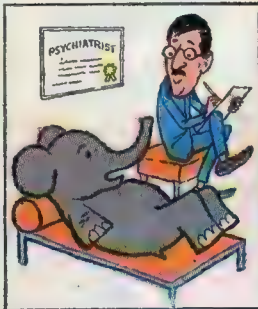
"I've seen spoiled kids, but this is ridiculous!"

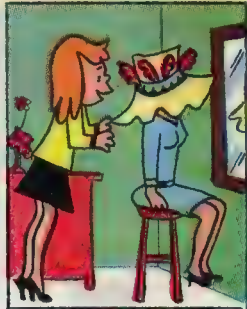






"Is that you, Mom?"





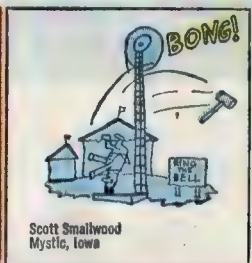
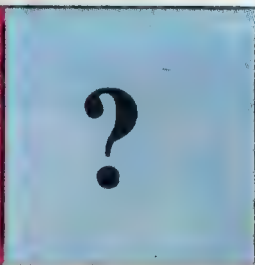
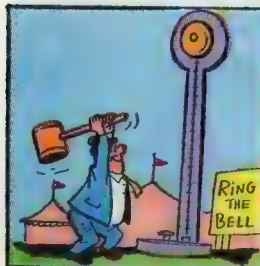
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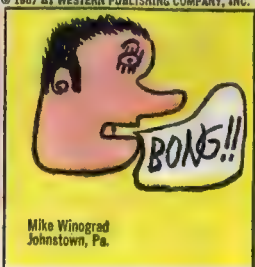
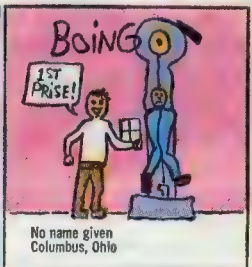


READERS COMPLETE THE COMIC

We knew you could do it! Shown below is the unfinished comic as it appeared in a previous issue and endings sent in by club readers. Now, turn to **COMPLETE THE COMIC** in this issue and see how well you can do with the new strips.



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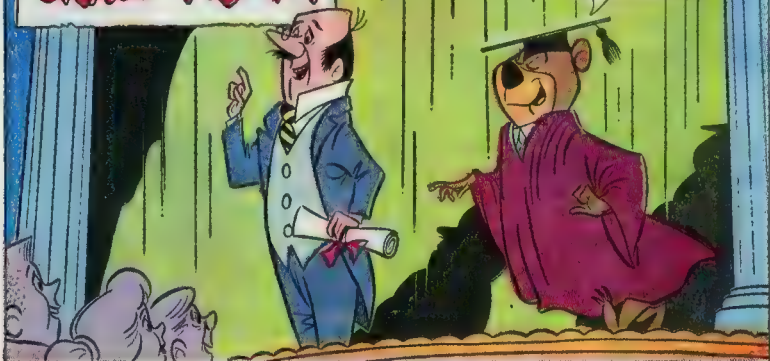
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CHAPTER IV EARLY GRAD GRABS WORM

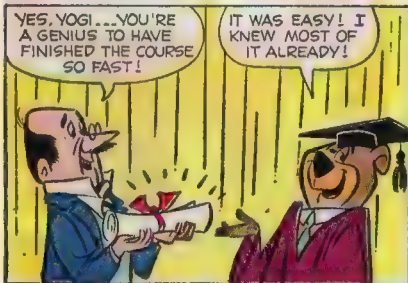
STUDENTS... MEMBERS
OF THE FACULTY... THOUGH
IT IS ONLY MID-TERM, I
FIND IT NECESSARY TO
CALL THIS SPECIAL
ASSEMBLY....

JUST TO GRADUATE
ME 'CAUSE I'M
READY ALREADY!



YES, YOGI... YOU'RE
A GENIUS TO HAVE
FINISHED THE COURSE
SO FAST!

IT WAS EASY! I
KNEW MOST OF
IT ALREADY!

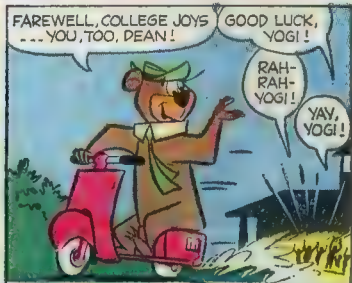


FAREWELL, COLLEGE JOYS
... YOU, TOO, DEAN!

GOOD LUCK,
YOGI!

RAH-
RAH-
YOGI!

YAY,
YOGI!



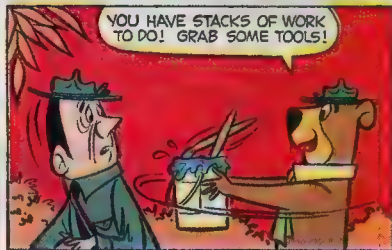
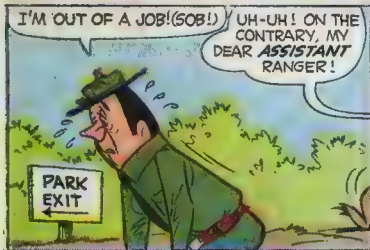
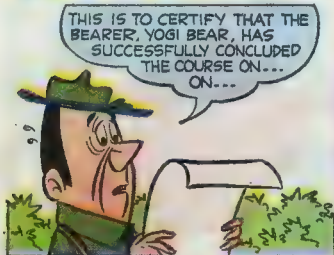
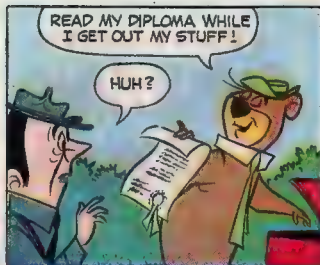
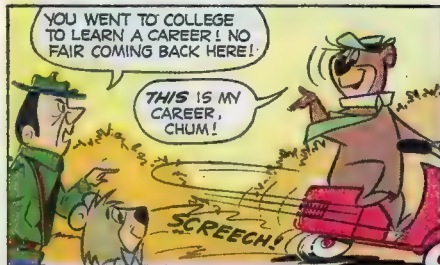
I HATE TO LEAVE!
MY SECOND CHOICE
FOR A CAREER
WOULD'VE BEEN TO
BE A PERMANENT
COLLEGE STUDENT!



YOO-HOO, EVERYBODY!
HERE I COME!

OH, NO!





Quick Draw McGraw

HALTIN' THE BALTONS

GEE, QUEEKSTRAW, I THIN' THIS IS THE BIGGEST WANTED POSTER I EVER SEE!

SHORE IS! THE BALTON BROTHERS ARE A BIG, BAD GROUP!

WANTED!!! THE BALTON BROTHERS



"BADDY" "BRAWLER" "BEAST"

PARDON ME! MY NAME IS BEN BALTON, AND I...

BALTON???

BABA, CALL THE SHERIFF! ...ER, SHUCKS! I KEEP FORGITTIN'... I'M THE SHERIFF!

PLEASE, SIR! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL!

THAT'S RIGHT! HEES PEEECTURE EESN'T UP THERE!

THEN YOU AREN'T ONE OF THE BROTHERS?

OH, YES, I AM! BUT I'M THE **GOOD** ONE! SORT OF THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY! HEH, HEH!

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BROTHERS ARE?

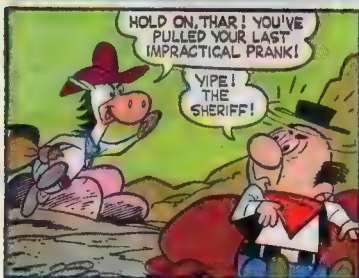
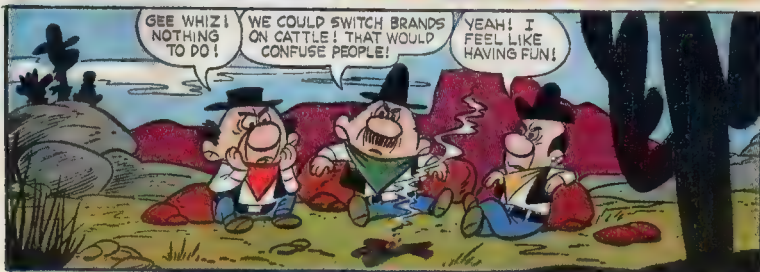
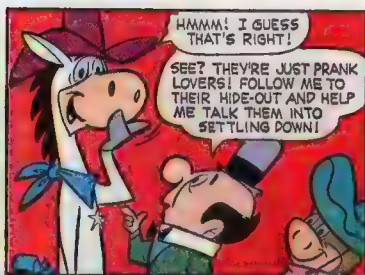
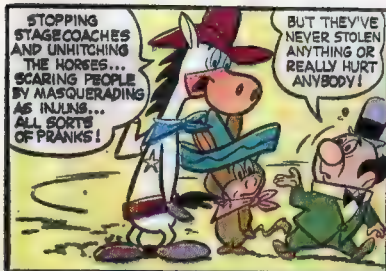
YES, I'LL LEAD YOU TO THEM IF YOU CAN HELP ME REHABILITATE THEM!

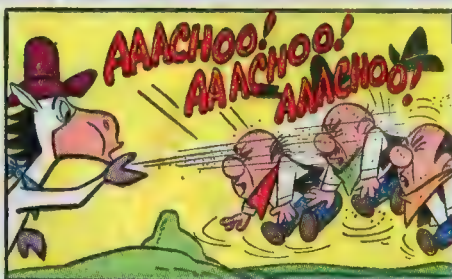
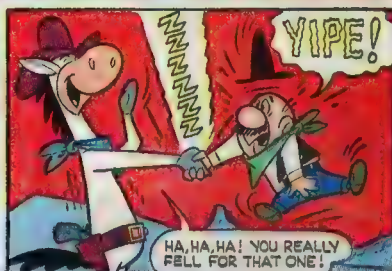
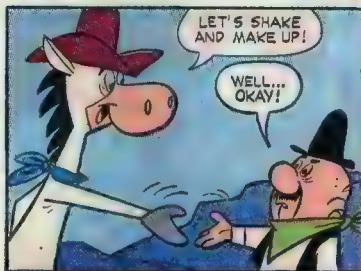
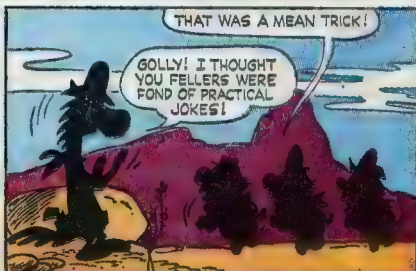
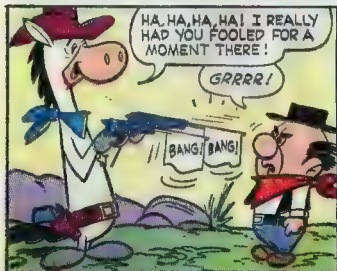
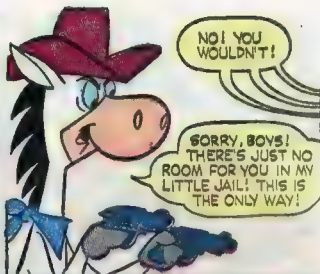
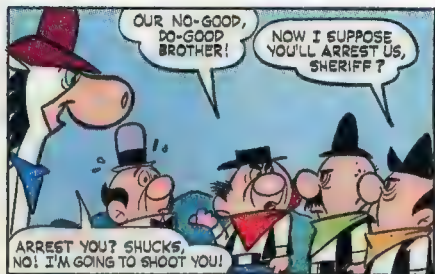
IF THAT'S ANYTHIN' LIKE ARRESTING THEM, I'LL BE GLAD TO!

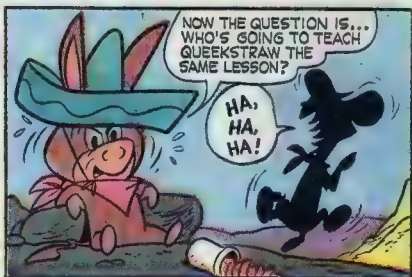
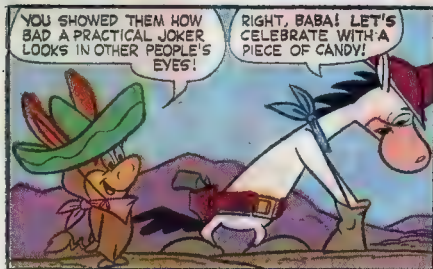
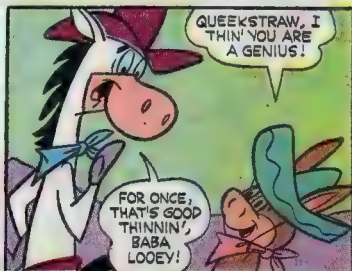
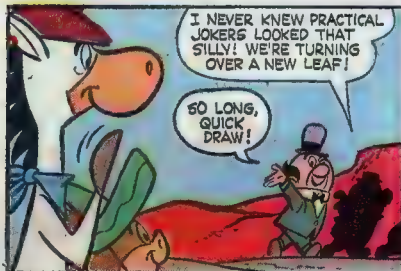
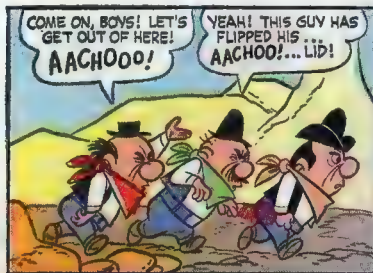
REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

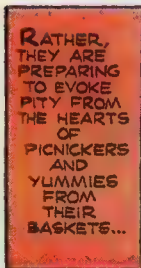
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WANT YOU TO **HELP** THEM! MY BROTHERS AREN'T BAD! THEY JUST ACT MISCHIEVOUS!

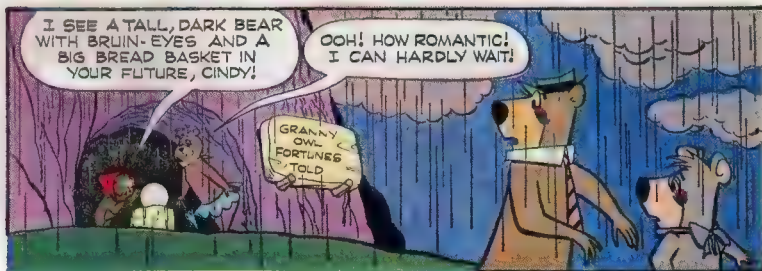
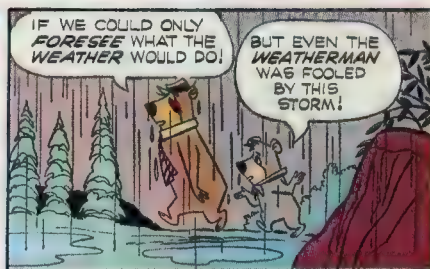
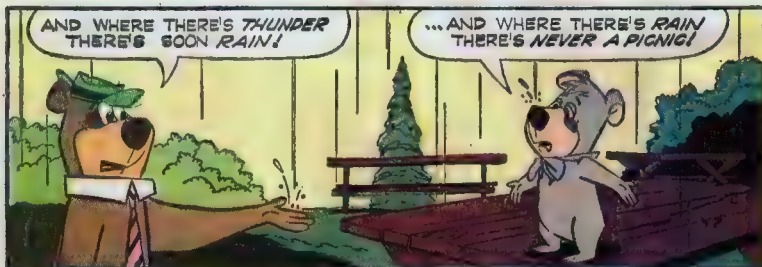
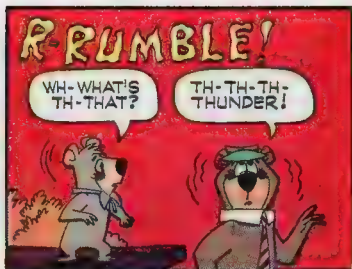
THEY SHORE DO!

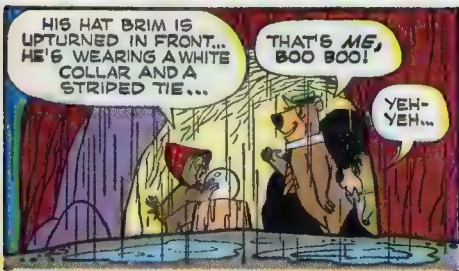
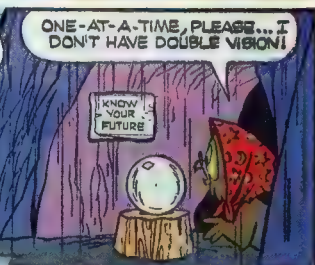
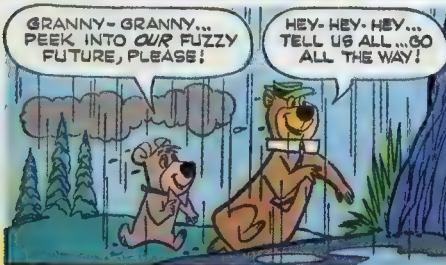
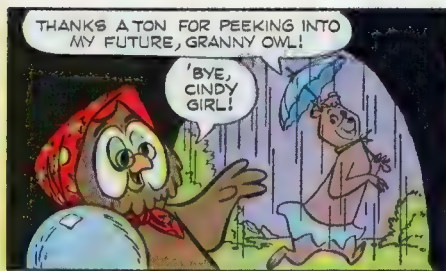


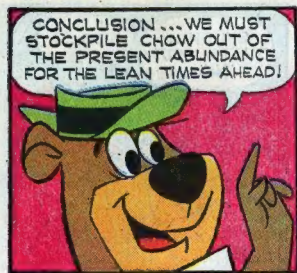
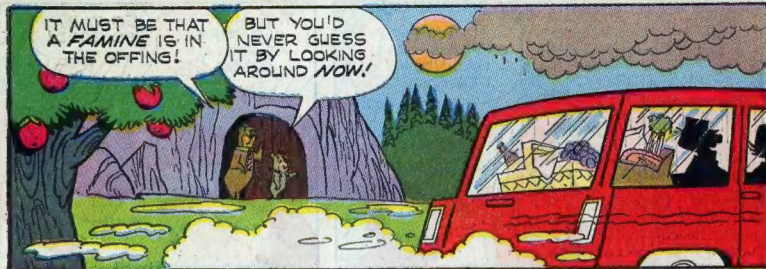








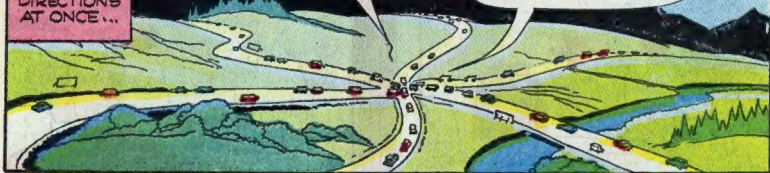




SO
YOGI AND
BOO BOO
BEG IN
SIX
DIRECTIONS
AT ONCE...

THIS CROSSING IS
FAR FROM HOME,
BUT IT'S
PAYING OFF!

YEAH, YOGI... WE'RE
STOPPING TRAFFIC BOUND
FOR SIX DIFFERENT
NATIONAL PARKS!



THEY EVEN NEED TO RENT A TRAILER
TO HAUL THE GOODIES HOME...

THIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN
AS A *BUMPER CROP*!



AT LOCAL PICNIC SPOTS THEY *REALLY*
PUT IT ON THICK... EYE MAKEUP, THAT IS...

YOU POOR, POOR, POOR,
POOR CREATURES!

FIVE "POORS"
IS THE RECORD,
MA'AM!



THIS
IS ALSO
KNOWN
AS THE
BASKET-
TRANSFER
TECHNIQUE...

THEY FEEL SO
BADLY THAT THEY
GIVE THEIR *ALL*!

SOB...

WE'LL
BUST OUR
AXLE AND
FILL OUR
CAVE!



AND SURE
ENOUGH,
AFTER
A FULL
DAY OF
HIGH-
POWERED
BEGGING

(WITH
NO NAP
TIME...)

OUR CAVE IS
JUST ABOUT FILLED
TO THE DOORWAY!

THERE'S JUST
ENOUGH ROOM FOR
US TO SLEEP!

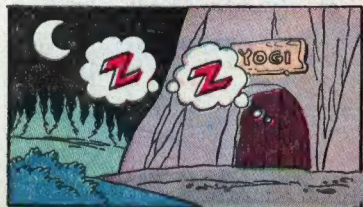


(YAWN!) I DOUBT
IF WE HAVE ANY
SKINNY DAYS
AHEAD OF US
NOW, BOO!

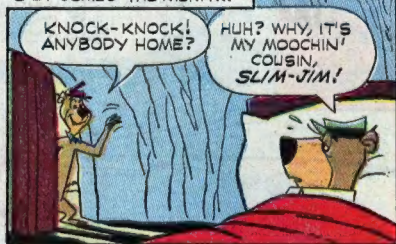
HEH! GOOD-
NIGHT, BIG
PLANNIN' PAL!



AND SO OUR FRIENDS SLEEP,
DREAMS OF SECURE WAISTLINES
DANCING IN THEIR HEADS...



BUT COMES THE MORN...





"Oh, goody!" an old brown fox growled as he spied Little Hoot playing in a secluded glen. "There's a tasty little snack for my lunch. All I have to do is be crafty enough to catch him. That shouldn't be too hard."

The sly fox lay down on the ground and groaned as though he were in great pain.

Little Hoot heard the groans and his heart filled with sympathy. Forgetting all about being cautious, he looked about until he discovered the fox.

"Oh, my, what seems to be the trouble, Mr. Fox?" he hooted anxiously.

"I have a terrible pain," the fox groaned. "Please help me."

"What do you want me to do?" Little Hoot asked earnestly.

"Oh, if only you'll just come and rub me where the pain is, I'm sure I'll feel better," the fox replied slyly. "The pain is right here," he added, patting his stomach.

"All right," Little Hoot agreed, moving closer to the fox. "I'll help."

Then, just as he was about to rub the aching spot, the fox pounced on him in glee!

"The pain is from hunger!" he announced eagerly. "And you're just about to satisfy that hunger!"

Little Hoot trembled with fright as he suddenly realized he had been tricked. He tried to think of a way to mislead the fox so that he would have a chance to escape.

"Er...uh...you like apples, don't you?" he suggested anxiously. "I know where there are some trees just loaded with delicious apples. Maybe you'd like to have a snack of fruit before...er...your main course."

"Apples?" the fox responded with interest. "I love apples! Yes, show me where they are.

But if you're thinking of trying to escape on the way over there, just forget it. I'll be watching you like a hawk."

Little Hoot groaned inwardly, but by the time they had reached the orchard, he had thought of another plan.

"The apples are too high for you to reach," he pointed out. "Why not help me up into a tree so I can shake some down for you?"

"Oh, no, you don't!" the fox chortled. "You're thinking that once you're up in a tree, you'll be out of my reach! Well, smarty, I'll just shake the tree myself, and I won't take my eyes off you for a single second!"

Little Hoot looked anxiously around the orchard for some other avenue of escape. His eyes fell on one particular tree and hope swelled in his heart.

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you shake that tree over there," he suggested. "The apples on it are bigger than these, and no doubt juicier, too."

"Thanks, Little Hoot, I'll just do that," the fox grinned. "But you move right along ahead of me so I can watch you."

The fox trotted over to the tree, shook it vigorously, and, without ever taking his eyes off Little Hoot, he began eating the apples that fell.

But within a short time, the sly old fox grimaced with surprise, rolled over on his back, and groaned with pain.

"You've tricked me!" he moaned.

"If you hadn't been watching me so closely," Little Hoot hooted as he skipped merrily out of the orchard, making good his escape, "you would have noticed those were green apples in that tree. Now you can groan about a real tummy-ache, and it serves you right!"